

WIRES CROSSED, MYSTICS DIDN'T FORESEE ARREST

So Those Arch Materialists,
Dougherty and His Detec-
tives, Caught Three.

TEACHERS OF YOGI LORE

Deputy Commissioner Tells
How Some Fortune-Tellers
Carry On Their Swindles.

Something was the matter with the direct wire leading to the seventh heaven of mysticism last night and three fortune-tellers failed to get any message of their impending arrests.

Second Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty, a materialist, with the aid of Lieutenant Michael Murphy, Detective Condit and Detective Hines, all members of the same earthly order, swooped down on the unsuspecting teachers of Yogi lore and transported them from their dwelling places in the Himalayas to the West Forty-seventh street police station.

Three prisoners were taken from the vicinity of the Hotel Astor. One was Miss Jennie Von Dietrich, who says she is "not a mind reader, but one whose soul breaks its earthly shackles and wanders into the labyrinth of space and time and meets there the skeletons of the past." She failed to break out of the labyrinth of the West Forty-seventh street station. Another, Prof. Harold Sterling, who was found in the same address—No. 235 West Forty-fifth street—was "born with a strange and remarkable power to overcome difficulties," but it developed that his power had no influence over such material things as arrest.

PROF. LLOYD ANXIOUS TO
KNOW ABOUT FUTURE.

The third and greatest "card" was the Apollo-like Prof. Luther C. Lloyd, "the greatest clairvoyant, psychist, palmist and Yogi master in America," who combined with the earth born policemen in the terms of his cult. On the way to the "booby hatch" he so far consented to drop into the vernacular as to inquire if there was much chance of his getting "sloughed." He was assured there were many chances. He had been held in \$100 to keep the peace for one year. That was only last December. The time was not up, old chap, they told him—and it looked bad.

All three appeared in the West Side Police Court today. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty was on hand to tell how his detectives posed as clients and obtained the evidence. The cases were held over until Tuesday and the material element of \$500 bail was negotiated by Edward Robinson of No. 101 West Thirty-fifth street who gave bonds for all.

The arrests last night are part of a sweeping crusade which the police are conducting. So many swindlers have been carried out by Yogi mediators lately that great curiosity was expressed as to their methods. An Evening World reporter called on Deputy Commissioner Dougherty at Headquarters and asked him about it.

DOUGHERTY'S STORY OF HOW
PALMISTS SWINDLE.

"Say," he began, "I don't think it wonderful how they do it? There are only two classes of people known to the high-class palmist—the police and the 'suckers.' The 'suckers' are met every day, but the police only once. There's the difference. You have no idea how easy it is for the Yogi bunch to get away with their game. Let me tell you how it is done."

"First you meet an usher at the door. He tells you the professor is busy. You wait while they take your measure. Then you meet his 'libby,' who puts both hands on his brow and remarks about your influence. You write your name and address and what you want to find out. They switch the papers and give you a blank piece which you hold to your forehead and concentrate. Meantime the Yogi tells you all that you have written."

"He says: 'You're a fellow that ought to make a lot of money. I will tell you of an investment and you needn't pay me anything for the advice. If you are a 'hook' you buy some three-cent stock for a hundred a share. However, the palmist continues: 'If you want to find that lost love or get even with some one you must come eleven times. The next visit will be eleven days from now, and meantime at 10 P. M. daily concentrate thought on your desire and I will be concentrating on you.' Next, 'let it be.' Then they file your name away with an alphabetical list of suckers and carefully index you for reference."

"At the next visit they have all the 'hope' ready and go into what we call a 'spasm,' grab a few handfuls of air and come out of the convulsion with something still left untold. You will come back for the untold thing of evil which threatens you."

LOVE PILLS FROM INDIA COST
\$300 EACH.

"In the case of a woman whose husband does not love her the graft is great. They cable to India for 'love pills' which cost \$300 a pill. If it is a bank roll of the sucker is sizeable it may take as many as a dozen pills to cure. They tell you the cost is only a dollar, but that isn't even getting a hint."

An interesting story of the latest method used by New York clairvoyants is the "charm bottle." When a woman known to be wealthy comes for advice on love an ordinary bottle is procured inside with chemicals is given to be taken home and used for a medicinal purpose. On the return of the bottle the contents are vaporized by the chemicals. The alarmed client is told she has an evil spirit, and she must use a special "charm" bottle. This is done in a private room upstairs. The palmist gets busy and a compromising photograph is taken with a concealed camera. In one case the daughter of a millionaire living in Riverside drove paid \$15,000 for the return of such a photographic plate.

On the way to the police station last

Strike of Wives for Higher Ideals Is Behind Increase in Divorces

Copyright, 1912, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).



American Woman's Higher Standard of Love Also Shown in Neglected Children and Unhappy Homes, Says Mrs. Gilman.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Any person who can remember back ten years knows that great changes have come over our ideals of love and marriage within that period.

At least, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman thinks so, and in an article devoted to the current number of The Pictorial Review the author of "Woman and Economics" and "The Man-Made World" tells us what these great changes are.

First, the ideal of marriage duty has altered. To-day, Mrs. Gilman believes, a higher conception of love and marriage exists in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and to prove her argument points to the greater number of our divorces.

"We in America, with our new conditions, our swift, restless progressiveness, have developed new ideals faster than the older lands. With us, love has been freer, and so has grown nobler. Women have been freer, and so have grown wiser and stronger, and our ideals of married happiness are higher than in earlier times, as is also our existing standard of fulfillment."

Here arises an outcry of astonishment and a contradiction, and all the old world, both overseas and in our midst, cries out against it, citing the notorious lack of discipline among our children, the all too current complaint of unhappiness in marriage, and our national scandal of divorce. Yes, these things are true, true because we have higher ideals of love and marriage.

"Where contented Orientals work long hours and take low wages, turbulent Americans struggle and strike. Because their ideals are higher their standard of living is higher."

CALLS DIVORCE A STRIKE FOR HIGHER IDEALS.

So there is a strike of wives going on among us, a strike for higher ideals and shorter hours of housework, perhaps. Mrs. Gilman's argument is ingenious, but better still, it is true. American women were the first to harbor the revolutionary doctrine that marriage vows are intended for men as well as for women. The European ideal of womanhood, the European conception of wifely duty is contained in this definition of love taken from a French writer:

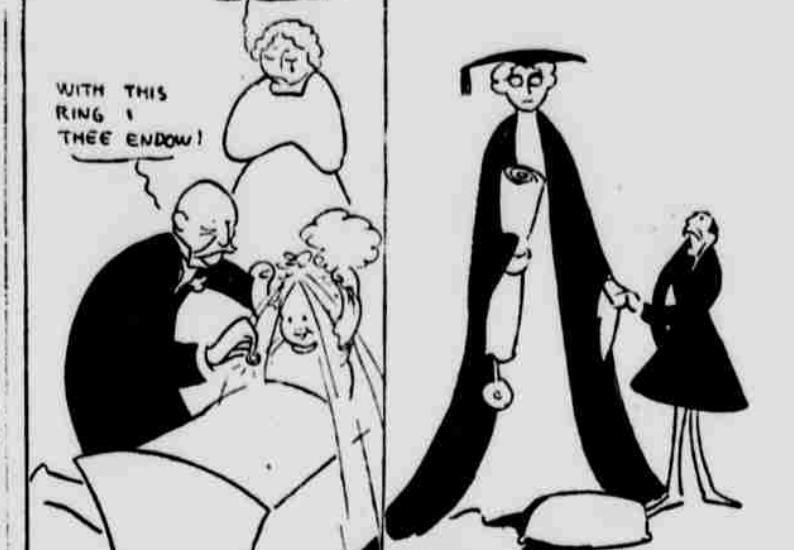
"Love, for a woman, is a succession of endless duties. It is the duty to have a good many of our forefathers brought that notion of wifely excellence to America with them. Not a few of our masculine contemporaries share it to-day. But the increasing number of divorces obtained by American women proves that they utterly refuse to conceive of the 'duty' standard of morals."

In the home, that American women have a consistent ideal of marriage and that they are willing to maintain it at the cost of their personal happiness."

Mrs. Gilman defines an ideal marriage as one in which mother and father subordinate themselves and each other to the child.

"From a purely masculine point of view, early marriage was long considered the ideal," she says. "The desirable bride must be young and tender, like a desirable partridge, and so more suitable to the hand that was to mould her. From the paternal side, the mother maiden married the less who cost. Even the mother, herself reared in the same atmosphere, did all

that she could to marry off her daughters. First, the ideal of marriage duty has altered. To-day, Mrs. Gilman believes, a higher conception of love and marriage exists in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and to prove her argument points to the greater number of our divorces."



Train Trapped Him at Last.

For nearly forty years that he had been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad William J. Reddy, foreman of the roundhouse in the Waldo avenue yards in Jersey City, had walked many a time across the maze of tracks in the yard without accident. To-day he walked in front of an incoming train and was killed instantly. He lived at No. 128 Mercer street, Jersey City, and was sixty-one years of age. He was well known in Jersey City and to engineers and other trainmen.

she could marry off her daughters. First, the ideal of marriage duty has altered. To-day, Mrs. Gilman believes, a higher conception of love and marriage exists in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and to prove her argument points to the greater number of our divorces."

CALLS IDEA OLD AS THE CHURCH A "NEW THOUGHT."

"Our old ideal," she declares, "has been in force too long, making the man the governing factor in marriage, with motherhood quite a subsidiary process, described as bearing him a son; speaking of the expectant mother being 'as ladies wish to be who love their lords.' It is hard indeed for us to face this great new thought that wifehood is but a preliminary to motherhood, and that both 'lord' and 'lady' co-operate to the great end of parentage."

As the Roman Catholic Church has always numbered among its teachings that wifehood is but a preliminary to motherhood, and as it manages to make married men and women live up to the doctrines of the Church, I don't see where the 'new idea of marriage' is to be found."

Mrs. Gilman's formula does not allow for the marked difference that exists in women with regard to the maternal relation. Women are no more universally endowed with the much exploited "maternal instinct" than they possess a common talent for miniature painting or for teaching in kindergarten.

The woman may be an adorable wife and a very poor mother, while another may be altogether inadequate as a wife and companion and yet be an ideal mother. Probably the woman with the least maternal instinct makes the most intelligent mother.

NOT ALL FOLLOW THE STAR TO FIND BABE.

Mrs. Gilman's "new ideal" of marriage may appeal to the modern Amazons as well as to those old-fashioned and sincere persons who believe that individual happiness must be subordinated to the interests of society, which is supposed to need unlimited families.

But the majority of men and women are still too much dazzled by the light of the old Romance to regard each other as mere "preliminaries to the great end of parentage," the thought of the child rising like a large new star" on Mrs. Gilman says.

Three wise men saw a new star in the East and followed it because it led them to a baby's crib. But there were thousands who saw the star and loved it just because it was a star, one of the many flowers of the Judean sky, blooming that young men might find a simile for a maiden's eyes.

Mrs. Gilman may answer that all stars lead to a crib, but a great many followers of the star follow it for the star's sake, not for that to which it leads them.

Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Mrs. Elizabeth Seaman (Nixola) is wanted as a witness in the Iron Clad Manufacturing Company. But she has three exits from her office at No. 17 Battery place and the marshals are at the wrong door every time, they say.

TOM JENKINS TAKES A FALL OUT OF NIGHT STICK

Ex-Champion Wrestler Engaged to Teach Policemen
How to Wrestle.

MIDGETS VS. GIANTS.

Smallest Cop Will Learn How to Subdue the Most Disorderly Goliath.

By the grace of big Tom Jenkins and Commissioner Waldo, the night-stick as a means of subduing the unruly, and enter the hammer-lock, the toe-hold and the half-Nelson.

"If a policeman knows the fine points of wrestling," mused the Commissioner, "he would never need to crack anybody over the head. If so, why not?" That explains it. Commissioner Waldo has brought big Tom down from West Point, where he is physical director, two or three times a week to give lectures or lessons, or whatever it is, and has also arranged with the Civil Service Commission for his salary.

Whatever there is about wrestling to know, Jenkins is conceded to know it. As former heavyweight champion, he is some pumpkins. Only the other day he took on some alleged fu-jitsu experts at the Point and put them far on the other side of the decimal point.

Jenkins began yesterday. At Headquarters he was met by Capt. McKee and ten patrolmen selected from the various precincts for their athletic prowess. Before these stalwarts and the thirty-six pupils in the recruit school he gave his first practical lesson.

In less than no time, it is predicted, little policemen will be able to handle six-foot longshoremen with ease and mercy, and Capt. Bill Hodgins will no longer be embarrassed by coming upon a prisoner so little as to slip between his fingers under the more archaic methods lately in vogue.

The course, Commissioner Waldo explained to-day, is to consist of twenty-four lectures. From the ten picked men four will be selected to carry on a new thing in New York. Years ago, twenty or so, when Billy Muldoon was a policeman, the sport was a favorite game at the station houses, and the force used to boast some mighty men.

Old-timers on the force pointed out that, after all, police wrestlers are not a new thing in New York. Years ago, twenty or so, when Billy Muldoon was a policeman, the sport was a favorite game at the station houses, and the force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

force used to boast some mighty men.

BURIES FROZEN CHILD; RELIEVES SICK MOTHER

Brooklyn Woman's Heart Touched by Sad Plight of Family Found Starving and Cold.

The publication in The Evening World of the pitiable destitution of the Coultiss family of No. 57 Broome street so impressed Mrs. Fabert of No. 115 Sterling place, Brooklyn, she telephoned to The Evening World to-day that she has taken steps to assist the family. Mrs. Coultiss is in Gouverneur Hospital suffering from rheumatism and starvation, and her two-month-old baby, which was frozen to death on her breast, was taken to the morgue.

The Coultiss family had no money to bury the infant, and Mrs. Fabert instructed Undertaker James P. Fabert of No. 63 Gouverneur street to call for the body and bury it. Mrs. Fabert also says she will take care of the suffering mother's immediate needs.

The father and seven-year-old daughter are at home, their poor neighbors are trying to assist them. The father is out of work, and for weeks has not had enough to eat, and the only fuel they have had to heat their home has been sticks of wood the father could find in the streets.

SHERLOCK HOLMES TO THE FRONT.

By special arrangement a new Detective Story by Sir A. Conan Doyle, "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot," will be featured in next Sunday's World. Readers of next Sunday's World will also get a new copy of "Fun," the Weekly Joke Book that has created such a sensation among lovers of humorous literature. Order next Sunday's World in advance.

STOLE BROOCH TO GET COAT SHE DREAMED OF.

Wife of Playwright De Mille's Nephew Admits Pawnning Gems to Buy Garment.

Mrs. Pearl Spence of No. 108 East Twenty-fifth street pleaded guilty in West Side Court to-day to the theft of a diamond brooch from Mrs. Otter Branch De Mille, wife of William C. De Mille, the playwright. Mrs. De Mille is an aunt of Homer Spence, husband of the young prisoner. He and Mrs. De Mille were in court, but had nothing to say.

The theft occurred in the De Mille apartment, in the Evanston. Mrs. Spence was one of several guests at a reception. After she left the brooch was missed. Detectives found it in a Sixth avenue pawnshop, where the young woman had pledged it for \$100. With the proceeds she purchased a fur coat which she had longed for and dreamed about.

After the plea of guilty had been entered, the prisoner was held in \$2,000 bail for trial. Mrs. De Mille did not manifest sympathy in court for her nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife.

nephew's comely young wife